ABILENE REFLECTOR

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INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1776.

Ring out, glad bells, your merry chime,
Proclaim to every land and clime,
On this bright gladsome July morn—
A people free, a Nation born.
Chime through the city, ville and town,
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
Ring out o'er woods and mountains wild,
The birth of freedom's beauteous child.
Send tidings o'er the foam-white tide—
Over the restless waters wide—
Where crested billows surge and swell
Thy holy echoes, blithesome bell:
Like timbrel sound across the sea,
Columbia's hymn of liberty—
Her psalm of Independence.

Peal, cannons peal! the glad news forth,
Proclaim it to the frigid North;
Belch from your every iron mouth
The summons to the sunny South.
Oh! flash the glorious news abroad
From warm Key West to cold Cape Cod;
Let the report of freedom's gun
Be heard at glorious Lexington.
And from the Atlantic's billowy breast
Send the glad tidings to the West,
Across the prairie and the brake,
From Boston Bay to Erie's lake,
And let Niagara's thunder song,
The glory of thy theme prolong;
Columbia's Independence.

Let brilliant watchfires gleam to-night
Upon the mountain's dizzy height,
On every hill, at every post,
On every headland round the coast,
On all the crossways through the land,
On every beach, on every strand,
Showing their signals, white and red,
From Mason's Bay to Hilton Head,
And flash from every rocky steep,
Along the Atlantic's seething deep;
And from each ruddy flame shall glow
Freedom's defiance to the foe,
And light the midnight's darkling haze
Till Plymouth's Rock reflects the blaze
Of sacred Independence.

Speed bounding bark with flowing sail,
Publish the tidings on the gale,
And let it spread from sea to sea,
America to lead the free!
Conceived in fire, in the wild flame
Of contest waged in freedom's name,
Born in the battle's mad'ning strife,
And proudly ushered into life
Amid the craze of war's alarms,
And cradled in a warrior's arms,
In revolution's fiery flood:
Baptized in freedom's sea of blood.
Her font a helmet—in her hand—
Baptismal gift—a battle brand,
The first shrill sounds that met her ears
Were freedom's guns and freemen's cheers
For welcome Independence.

Hark! the glad sound of music sweet,
From happy crowds that throng the street,
With wild delight and mirthful glee
They chant the anthem of the free,
With bugle, horn, with drum and fife,
Hailing a Nation born to life.
This holiday of freedom's world,
Bright with her banners now unfurled,
Let it resound o'er cape and bay
Greeting the Nation's natal day,
Reverberate each song and cheer,
Till the old town of Concord hear
The glorious strains, till stream and rill
Send echoes back to Bunker Hill
Of lasting Independence.

—*Charles J. Beattie, in Inter Ocean.*

THE MONEY-BAG.

A Russian Magistrate and a Mysterious Robbery.

The locomotive whistled, the bell rang, the turning-plaque resounded and the train entered the station. The doors were unlocked and the passengers, one after another, descended; M. Czato alone did not move, but stationed at the door of his coach regarded the passengers upon the platform without paying the slightest attention to the officials who offered him their services. His cravat untied, his coat unbuttoned and his mouth wide open, you would have said that he had been unable to close it after uttering a frightful cry.

Little by little, however, M. Czato came to himself, enough so at least to shut his mouth and frantically call for the *chef de gare*. An employe soon arrived, and it was not exactly an amiable look that he cast upon this gray and fat traveler leaning from the window of the compartment.

"I insist upon your descending," he said, in his most administrative manner; "the train does not go any further."

"I will not descend," the traveler replied, desperately, "that is, not until I have made a statement, an official statement, before witnesses."

"What is that you wish to state?" demanded the *chef de gare*, now present, and also furious with this obstinate passenger.

"That I have been robbed!"

"Impossible!" cried the chef.

"Alas, it has only been too possible," sighed M. Czato, striving to see over his shoulder and to examine his back; it is no longer there."

"What is no longer there?"

"My money-bag—it has disappeared and with it the ten thousand florins it contained——"

"Ten thousand florins—from where, when, how?"

"Ah, if I only knew, groaned the robbed one; "for, monsieur le chef, this money was not mine; I was carrying it to my proprietaire, and I can not, for the sake of my honor, until now without stain, descend from this carriage until I have made a deposition before witnesses of the robbery of which I am the victim. Therefore, I beg that you will call a commissioner of police and two witnesses."

"If you are determined upon it," replied the employe who had first arrived, and who had begun to be interested in the story, "I will be one of your witnesses and the chef here the other. There's a commissioner now; relate to him what has happened to you."

And M. Czato, leaning still further from the window, began his deposition.

"In the first place your name," said the commissioner.

"Bernard Czato; I am steward of his Highness, M. Dyonis Siraglyai. Yesterday evening——"

"Religion?" demanded the officer, unwilling to loose his hold.

"Roman Catholic; but as there is no priest in our village, I frequently go to the Protestant pastor to play a——"

"Married or single?" said the commissioner, cutting short these religious confidences.

"Married, and we celebrated our silver wedding a year ago. Yesterday evening——"

"Stop! One thing at a time. Have you children?"

"Heaven has not crowned us with all its blessings," responded Czato, indignantly; "we have no heirs——"

"No heirs," repeated the commissioner, while the two witnesses looked at each other and coughed significantly; "that's a very doubtful statement—however, never mind, go on with your story."

"Yesterday evening," Czato continued, "I received a dispatch from his Highness telling me that he wanted ten thousand florins immediately. We were right in the midst of supper when it came, celebrating the fete of my wife, who is named Julienne——"

"O, finish your supper and go on to the robbery," cried the officer impatiently.

"But I can't, monsieur; I am very sorry, but I can't, for all this took place during supper. The dispatch arrived while we were eating the third course, and there were still three to come—so I say to you that it burst like a bombshell in the midst of our feast. The notary had drank the health of my wife for the fourth time—we had all drunk it—we were happy—when, behold, that telegram came. 'I will carry the money myself,' I said to my wife, 'for I must speak with his Grace on business.' 'So be it,' she replied, 'it is best you should, but take care of your health, and, above all, do not lose the money.' 'Never fear, my angel,' I said to her, never fear that I shall lose it; we will put it in a leathern bag, and I will strap it on my back—' 'Not too tight,' interrupted my wife, 'you've eaten a great deal, and 'twould make you sick.' Well, we got up from the table and went into the little office with the cashier and the superintendent, where the money is kept. The cashier himself rarely enters it unless he has need for an extra big sum' for, as I tell you, he does his work in the big or lower office——"

"In the name of heaven," cried the commissioner, despairingly, "come out of that office and get on to the robbery!"

"I will, monsieur, just as soon as I can; but you see all this happened——"

"Where?" shouted the commissioner, furiously.

"In the little office, of course," murmured Czato, plaintively. "First we took ten bills of a thousand florins each and put them one after the other into the money-bag; then, save your honor, I pulled off my clothes, strapped the bag to my back, dressed myself again, and was ready for a start. 'Don't disturb yourselves, I beg of you,' I said to my friends, 'but I must leave you; the train goes in thirty minutes.' We drank another glass to my safe return, I embraced my wife, shook hands with the notary, called a carriage and rushed for the station, the superintendent and two of the employes accompanying me, singing all along the route to keep away the robbers. At the station, by the advice of the superintendent, I took a sleeping-car, to avoid bad company, and one of the employes went to buy my ticket while the other stayed to guard my valise and help me to mount into the carriage.

"'Pay attention to your company, and do not dare to speak of your money-bag,' shouted the superintendent, the conductor slammed the door, the bell rang, and we were off"——

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated the officer; "and now what next?"

"It is just as I have told you, monsieur," persisted Czato, with the air of a martyr; "and next I stretched myself upon the cushions, drew the curtains and went to sleep. When I woke again we were entertaining the *garv* here. I search for my money-bag—it is no longer on my back—I have been robbed!"

"When did you say you went to sleep?" demanded the chef.

"As soon as we started, I believe."

"But why did you believe it?"

"Because I did not hear them cry the stations."

"And you slept throughout the trip?"

"I think so, but do not quite remember."

"Did you notice whether you had been disturbed, or your things disarranged?"

"No, nothing; and yet, now I think of it, it seems to me that at one time I felt a current of air—from the window, perhaps."

"Why then didn't you close it?"

"I did close it," Czato replied, with dignity, "as the superintendent and two employes can bear witness. The current of air came in of course as the robber opened the window to rob me."

During the whole of this interrogation the commissioner had kept his eyes upon the skies, inwardly praying that the One on high would grant him a clew to the riddle.

"I presume you have no suspicions?" he said at last.

"I! mercy, no! I haven't an idea; the windows were shut and I was entirely alone in my compartment."

"Then I have it," cried the commissioner; "I have it—I know the man—it was the conductor."

"Impossible!" said the *chef de gare*, "his conduct has always been most exemplary."

"Nothing is impossible where money is concerned—bring him to me!" It was not difficult to do this, as he was on the platform near them. He turned as pale as death when the officer seized him by the arm and brusquely demanded of him the stolen money-bag.

"I know nothing about it," said he; "I am innocent!"

"All robbers say the same until the magistrate takes them in hand—come, forward, march!" and the commissioner, with an air of great official superiority, turned upon his heel and started away with his prisoner.

"Sign my deposition first!" shouted Czato frantically, as he saw him going, "and now—before I leave the coach!"

All at once a thought flashed across the brain of the commissioner. Without losing his hold of the conductor he stretched out his arm and caught M. Czato by the collar. The big man, not expecting an invitation given in so brusque a fashion, nearly fell upon his nose upon the platform.

"You'll come with us, too, my friend," said the officer, holding him with a grasp of iron; "we are not through with you yet."

"Very well," said Czato, though somewhat astonished at the turn the affair had taken; "but unloose me, if you please."

"It is not our habit to unloose robbers."

"But I am no robber—on the contrary, it is I who have been robbed."

"Then the money belonged to you?"

"Not at all; it belonged to my proprietaire."

When one loses the money of his proprietaire the law regards him no longer an honest man. Come, my boys, forward march to the examining magistrate!"

M. Mathias Heveder, the examining magistrate, was a great criminalist and a firm adherent of the new school of criminal procedure. Like a bee he sipped his honey from every flower, but invariably ended his examination with the stereotyped phrase: "The French say in the presence of a mysterious crime: 'A woman is at the bottom of it—seek her!' I go further and say: 'Find her!' and I always have up to this time. I will find her now."

This Czato affair more than aroused his keenest interest, and he put in play to discover the criminal his utmost skill and astuteness. Commencing with the two suspected ones, he placed them in the strictest solitude, declining to allow them to communicate with a living soul. In vain Czato besought him with streaming eyes to allow him to write, or at least telegraph, to his proprietaire, who was waiting for the ten thousand florins, and who would certainly begin to misconstrue his silence and non-appearance. The magistrate, however, was inexorable. "A woman is at the bottom of it," he stubbornly repeated; "that woman we must find. From inquiries which I have made it appears that one of the prisoners, Czato by name, is married. I have sent by telegraph a warrant for the arrest of his wife. In the morning she will be here under my hand. As the conductor is not married, it follows, of course, that he has a mistress. If we can discover who she is, we shall have not the one but the two women who are in question, and thereby arrive at a solution of the puzzle."

Telegraphing the news of the robbery to every station along the line, the magistrate shut himself into his apartments with the return dispatches and studied them diligently. From the most of them nothing could be learned; two alone attracted his attention. The first one stated that a railway guard had seen a woman's hand thrust from the window of a second-class compartment and throw something upon the track. The guard had even searched for the article thrown out, but had found nothing. The second dispatch was even more serious. Another guard, as the train whirled by, had seen the conductor talking with a woman, who leaned from the window of a third-class compartment; also, that they had passed something to one another, but whether it was the woman who gave it to the conductor, or the conductor who gave it to the woman, he could not say.

"Behold the woman!" cried Heveder, triumphantly. "I was sure of it; this is the woman! If it is the conductor who has stolen the money, she is his accomplice, and 'she' we must find. So much for the first suspect. As for the second—and here I have an opportunity to prove my superiority as a psychologist—if Czato himself has stolen the ten thousand florins, and then played the game of being robbed to cast off suspicion, this accomplice is the woman whom the guard saw throw something from the window of the second-class compartment, and that something was, of course, the emptied money-bag. Besides all this, there is still a third hypothesis. Czato's wife may be his accomplice, but if so, the other woman can have had nothing whatever to do with it. Ah, well," he murmured, cheerfully, "all three of them will soon be in the hands of justice, and one of them is necessarily the criminal."

"When the conductor was brought before him, the examining magistrate asked him, brusquely, "Where does your mistress live?" long experience having taught him that the cunningest rascals succumb to a sudden attack. His plan succeeded, and the prisoner, blushing and confused, promptly replied that "Mlle. Lotti was chambermaid in the house of M. Adolph Rosenstock, rue des Trois Tambours.

"It is enough," cried M. Heveder; "reconduct him to his cell."

Then he gave the telegraphic order to arrest this Mlle. Lotti and make the minutest inquiry regarding her affairs. Shortly afterward she arrived at the office of the magistrate in charge of a commissioner of police. He had searched her apartments as directed, and in the drawer of a commode had found seven florins, twenty-five kreutzers, which he had immediately confiscated.

"Good!" said the magistrate; "you can retire." Then, turning to the trembling Lotti and sternly regarding her, he demanded:

"Where is the rest?"

"What rest!" cried Mlle. Lotti; "what are you talking about?"

"The 9,992 florins and 75 kreutzers," replied the Judge; "you must give them to me."

"I do not understand you; what do you mean? I——"

"Do not wish to confess? So be it. I will soon refresh your memory. Whence did you come by train this morning?"

"My native village," replied the girl, "where I had been to see my father."

"And of what were you talking to the conductor last night? You see that I know all—all, you understand—so you need not trouble yourself to lie."

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Lotti, her face becoming scarlet; "but it was not my fault, Monsieur, he has paid court to me for a long time, and has promised to marry me——"

"Then where is the money concealed?"

"The money?" echoed Lotti, with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes, the money he stole," shouted Heveder, in a thundering voice.

"Stole!" bursting into tears; "oh! the monster, and he told me had laid by a small sum by economizing, and as soon as it was one hundred florins we would be married."

By this time M. Heveder was furious. "Tell me at once," he cried, "without a moment's delay, where you have concealed those ten thousand florins."

"I know nothing about them; I never heard of them before!"

"Then what was it you gave the conductor?"

"Only a package of cherries from the farm, monsieur."

"Cherries! cherries from the farm? A likely story, truly. However, we will see if it is cherries to-morrow. Until then you shall remain in prison;" and sobbing and crying as if her heart would break, Mlle. Lotti was returned to the care of the commissioner of police and led away to prison.

"Bring the prisoner Czato," cried the examining magistrate as Lotti passed from the chamber. M. Czato could scarcely stand as he entered the august presence; grief and terror had worn him to a shadow. According to his custom, Heveder lost not a second, but brusquely demanded: "The name of your mistress!"

"Mistress?" shouted Czato, outraged beyond endurance; "I would have you know, M. le judge, that I am a married man. What if my wife should hear you talk like this!

"She will hear me unless you tell me the name of the woman you love; in which case I promise that she shall hear nothing of it."

"I love only my wife, save your honor, persisted Czato, "and I do not understand your question at all."

"What a scoundrel!" thought Heveder to himself; "it's very clear that I must be sharper with him than with that poor devil of a conductor; nevertheless I shall find him out. In the meantime, Czato," he continued, turning to the unhappy steward, you must remain in your cell until I have need of you."

A moment later the name of Mme. Czato was announced to M. Heveder. The wife of M. Saraglyai's steward was a very resolute woman, and as nature had endowed her with charms of all kinds—large hands, strong lungs and a tongue well hung in the middle—she opened the campaign at once by overwhelming the magistrate with questions, all ending in the same refrain: "How did he dare to so maltreat an honest man?"

"Pray be seated, madam" said the judge, with politeness; "it is my painful duty to prove to you that your husband deceives you, and has done so for a long time."

"It is impossible; we celebrated our silver wedding a year ago, and I tell you that he can not deceive me."

"And I say that he does," emphatically declared Heveder. "When your husband left you yesterday he took with him the woman he loves and the 10,000 florins as well, which he should have remitted to his proprietaire."

"The 10,000 florins!" interrupted Mme. Czato, "but he did not take them."

"What! Did not take them?"

"No, not at all; he left them lying in the little office. He had drank more than was good for him, and he forgot all about the money-bag. The next day the cashier accidentally discovered the omission and telegraphed the amount to his Highness, M. Saraglyai."

"Impossible!" cried the magistrate, beside himself with rage; "you lie to me—you shall go to prison with all the rest."

"Go to prison!" exclaimed Mme. Czato; "well, not if I know it; do you take me for a fool? If you don't believe me telegraph his Highness yourself. Go to prison indeed—I see myself doing it!" And planting her arms akimbo she faced the noted criminalist with a look in her eyes that said as plainly as words: "Try it if you dare!" And with the sagacity of a great mind Heveder saw at once that he had unjustly accused the prisoners, and the women as well. Nevertheless, by way of precaution, he telegraphed Mons. Dyomis Saraglyai, who immediately confirmed the facts as given by Mme. Czato. There was of course nothing to be done but to set the prisoners at liberty.

"You can see for yourself," said he, as he was signing their release on the gaol-book, "with what absolute accuracy my system works. From the first I said: 'Seek the woman!' Well, I found her, and from that moment the mysterious robbery of the Agrad railway was made clear."—*Translated from the Russian of Czlky for the San Francisco Chronicle by E. C. Waggener.*

—An old bee-keeper says that in localities where willows and hazel do not abound it is well to feed bees with rye meal, as it is a good substitute for pollen, which is the main ingredient in the bee bread, on which young bees are fed. Rye meal, when fed, especially in late springs, stimulates brood rearing, and enables colonies to send out earlier and stronger swarms. It should be placed in shallow troughs or pans a rod or more from the hives, where it will soon be found by the bees and gathered eagerly by them.—*Troy Times.*

—Brown Bread Mush: Break up a pint of dry bread in small pieces. Mix with one-fourth cup of butter in a double boiler, add sufficient milk to cover, and cook over hot watep without stirring it till the bread has absorbed all the milk. Eat with cream.—*Exchange.*

—After she had spent four hour shop-window gazing, she went home and told her husband that she was sea-sick.

HINGHAM'S OLD CHURCH.

Interesting Facts Concerning America's Most Venerable Sanctuary.

For the oldest church in this country we would naturally look to Virginia. But the aristocratic cavaliers who sailed up the James river brought with them their cavalier notions about the church and its legal establishment, and so they did not personally trouble themselves about religious matters. To be sure, chapels of the Church of England were early erected, but none of them are preserved to the present time. The oldest church edifice in America is at Hingham, Mass. The town of Hingham is an unpretentious one, not more than a dozen miles from the center of the city of Boston. It was settled in 1635, and as the settlers were Puritans a church and a school house were immediately erected. Both were frail affairs, put up until something better could be afforded. It was not until 1681 that a permanent structure was begun. It was finished and dedicated the following year. Its attendants were Dissenters, and they had for a pastor that strict old Cromwellian divine, the Rev. John Norton. This man was of the Cotton Mather type, and like Mather he used to preach three or four hours and, then, warming up to his subject, turn over his hourglass and begin afresh.

The people who framed and erected this building were loyal subjects of King Charles II., and but little altered it stands to-day a sacred beacon still. What changes it has witnessed! Where are the Stuarts? Think of the varying political and religious sentiments that have actuated the worshipers within these walls! And yet this whole period is spanned by the pastorates of only six men. It would seem to be better than a life insurance policy to be chosen pastor of the First Church of Hingham. The present head of the flock that worships there has seen thirty-two years' of service—the shortest period covered by any of his predecessors. The fourth pastor officiated for eighty-two years and the fifth for sixty-five. Among the parishioners have been many Lincolns, the same family from which the President was sprung, a branch from an older English brother. Rev. Calvin Lincoln, the sixth pastor of the church, was also of this famous family.

Except in the seating and the windows, the First Church of Hingham stands at present as it did more than a hundred years before the revolution. The seats are modern in style and arrangement, and the windows are not above twenty-five years old, though they are diamond-shaped and conform as nearly as possible to the pattern of the original. All of the remainder of the edifice is exactly as it was when Boston was little more than the flagstaff that adorned old Beacon Hill, and Philadelphia, that now boasts so many ancient things, was a swamp, in which a handful of Swedes were trying to found a city.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

BAKING SICK INDIANS.

Remarkable Ways of Treating Disease in Vogue Among the Apaches.

To combat their ailments they have only the usual superstitious rites of a few ignorant "medicine men," and occasionally make use of those heroic and barbarous treatments so common with savages, says Lieutenant Schwatka, writing of Apache customs. One of these, I think, may be interesting. A great hole, large enough to receive the body of the invalid in a recumbent position, is dug in the ground. In this excavation a fire is maintained until the ground is heated to its greatest possible extent, when the embers and ashes are scraped out. Several layers of damp mud are immediately used to plaster the walls of this fiery furnace, and the invalid is then placed within and covered up with mud, the head alone protruding. The escaping steam makes the torture endured by the poor wretch for the thirty-six to forty-eight hours of misery in the prison of baked clay oftentimes insupportable, and but few survive the severe ordeal. A Mojave squaw, with the Americanized name of "Polly," rallied from this terrible inquisition, but it took the kindest treatment for two months under the care of a white physician to save her life.

Nearly all the Apaches are addicted to tattoong, their faces and wrists being usually adorned, and, as far as I casually noticed, there being no difference between the men and women. Paints and pigments of all characters are eagerly sought for temporary personal ornamentation, the Yumas and Mojaves even descending to stove-polish, boot-blacking and mud. Undoubtedly the latter, in some of its applications, serves a more practical purpose than mere ornamentation. A thin coating of soft clay is matted through the hair and then plastered carefully down upon the skull, until it resembles, when dry, a shining bald head or an inverted earthen bowl. This is left on for two or three days until it has subserved its purpose of deadly destruction, when the earthy skull-cap is broken with a stick and the beating process continued until every particle of dust is thoroughly eradicated, when the hair is washed with the soft pulp of the root of the Yucca palm, which produces a soapy lather. After this the hair is energetically rinsed and then whipped in the open air until dry. From all this manipulation it emerges as glossy and as soft as silk.

This Yucca palm is commonly known as the Spanish bayonet and oftentimes as the soap-weed, the latter name being evidently derived from this peculiar use by the Indians and Mexicans. It is one of the most extensively common plants of Apache land and contiguous countries, and it is well for those localities that a commercial use has been found for this abundant weed—its pulp, according to recent experiments, bidding fair to give a very fine grade of printing-paper. Thus the vulgar soap-weed that cleanses the outside of the Apache's head may yet improve its interior through the medium of the press.—*Century.*

—The communistic colony at Port Angeles, on Puget Sound, now numbers 150 persons. They own two thousand acres of land, and expect to build and operate a saw-mill soon. Unlike other successful colonies, they profess no religious basis, and cast aside creed.

NEW CANNIBAL TRIBES.

Discoveries of Captain Van Gele Along the Great Mobangi River.

Last fall the Congo State sent Captain Van Gele, one of Stanley's favorite officers, in the steamer Henry Reed to make further explorations upon the Mobangi river, the great northern affluent of the Congo, whose importance Mr. Grenfell was the first to discover. Van Gele did not ascend the river quite as far as Grenfell, being prevented by rapids through which Grenfell had been able to push his steamer at low water when the current was slower. He, however, took time to explore, while Grenfell's journey was nothing more than a hurried reconnoissance. Van Gele made some very interesting discoveries. He found, for instance, three little tributaries, up which he pushed his steamer for a total distance of 207 miles. It is only three years since Stanley estimated that the Mobangi itself added only about 350 miles to the navigable waters of the Congo basin. Now the problem is, whether the Mobangi or the Kassai deserves distinction as the Congo's greatest tributary.

On the Nghiri affluent of the river and also on the Mobangi, about 300 miles from its mouth, Van Gele found the most densely populated districts he had seen in Africa. The left bank of the great river was an uninterrupted succession of villages for about seventy miles. Those who imagine that the depths of Africa are an almost voiceless solitude should read Van Gele's brief account of the animation and bustle he witnessed all along this populous river.

The scene on the river in the morning, he says, is one of extraordinary animation. He often met as many as three hundred canoes swiftly plowing through the water. The canoes were chiefly filled with women and children. The women were leaving the villages to go to the fields and begin the agricultural labors of the day. Other parties in the canoes were setting out for the fish nets, to gather in the finny harvest that had collected since the previous day. The river swarms with fish, the land yields rich returns of all tropical produce, and thousands of natives along the river do not know what famine means. They have, besides, food resources upon which most of the world can not count, as these natives are among the greatest of cannibals.

Quite a number of men accompany the women to the fields, but not to take part in tilling the soil. They let the women monopolize the rude iron hoes, while the men stand around with weapons in their hands to protect the toilers. Without protection there is always danger that the women will be surprised and dragged off by hostile tribes.

All these river tribes send expeditions against one another for the sole purpose of procuring victims for their cannibal feasts. Captain Van Gele says that all the enemies they kill in battle are eaten, and that the same fate soon overtakes the prisoners they carry home with them. Before the exploration of the Congo Valley the belief was widespread that cannibalism had greatly decreased, and that there were comparatively few people who were still addicted to the horrid practice. In all his travels, Livingstone never saw a cannibal tribe with the possible exception of the Mauyema. But the opening up of the Congo basin has revealed the fact that the world never knew before where cannibalism was most prevalent. There are undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of people in that region among whom cannibalism is a confirmed and most cherished habit.

Captain Van Gele says that nowhere in Africa has he seen fishers of equal extent except at Stanley Falls. The stakes marking the position of the nets cover many acres. All these tribes are tall and powerful, and in form they are splendid specimens of physical beauty. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Social Posers Answered.

Rodolphus (Hackensack) says: (1) "Will you suggest an easy and graceful mode of acknowledging an introduction to a young lady. Something not conventional or formal? (2) How much ought I to pay for supper for myself and lady friend after the theater? (3) Would you advise me to marry on eight dollars a week?" (1) "Ah, there!" (2) The girl will settle that for you. Any suggestions on our part would be superfluous. (3) No, Rodolphus, we would not, but you'll do it—mark our our words, you'll do it; we see it in every line of your beautifully written letter. You'll do it; and oh, Rodolphus, how sorry you'll be for it! The day will come when you'll wish you had followed our advice, but just now you don't feel that way. We are sorry for you, Rodolphus, real sorry, and that's about all we can say.—*Tid-Bits.*

The Creation of Man.

Not long ago a bright little girl in the Sunday-school, who had reached the bottom facts of the lesson—the creation of man out of the dust of the earth—came running home to her mother overful of confidence in the Scripture theory and her own reflective conclusions, and exclaimed:

"O, mother, I know it's all true what the catechism said about Adam being made out of the dust of the earth—I know it is."

"Why?"

"Because I saw Aunt Emma whip Gracie, and I saw the dust fly out of her. I know it is so!"

Little Gracie had been playing with the ashes.—*Texas Siftings.*

Deserves to be Sick.

Doctor—Have you taken your pills regularly?

Patient—Every two hours as directed.

Doctor—Did you eat nothing except what I told you?

Patient—Nothing.

Doctor (enthusiastically shaking his patient's hand)—My dear sir, you are a model patient. You deserve to be sick, you do.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Ordinary people may well think twice before speaking once; but there are some who can study out so much meanness between a first and second thought that we prefer they should blurt out their first thoughts every time.

USEFUL FARM HINTS.

An Interesting Collection of Reliable Agricultural Advice.

Beware of too much land. Ten acres, with all facilities for the best cultivation, will yield better returns than 10,000 acres without brains, labor and capital to correspond. In all farm buildings and fences study utility, harmony and elegance. Build substantially, and in accordance with your means.

Have all your live-stock of a good quality, suited to your locality, and to the needs of your farm; keep no unprofitable stock.

Select all fruit trees, plants and vines, with special reference to your climate, soil, markets and home use.

Use the same judgment in procuring seeds, not neglecting flower seeds. Study the catalogues and choose carefully.

Keep a good variety of the best farming implements. Always have them in thorough working order and keep them well oiled and sheltered when not in use.

A very important item upon the farm is proper food. It should be abundant, varied and suitable. Apply this item to the land, to the live-stock and to the household.

Feed the land with the best fertilizers you can obtain, suited to your own particular soil, always remembering that much of the very best for all purposes should be produced on the farm.

Feed the live-stock well at all times, with regularity and cleanliness, and especially at critical seasons of the year, or periods of life.

Above all, feed the household well, with as much variety as possible, considering a liberal allowance of good fruit indispensable.

Feed the intellect and soul, as well as the muscles; do not let a single individual under your control be a giant in physical force and a pigmy in intellect and morality. To this end, always be well supplied with the best papers, and, in addition, have a good and varied supply of other literature, some of which shall be interesting and profitable to each member of the household, including all hired help. The farmer is responsible, in a measure, for the whole well-being of every employe, and there is service which no amount of money can buy.

Keep every part of the farm as clear of weeds as possible, paying close attention in this respect to road-sides and fence-rows.

Be vigilant, persevering and exact in whatever is to be done. "Have a place for every thing and every thing in its place." Have a time for every duty, and let it be done in its appropriate time.

In all the work of the farm show yourself a leader and master. Do not say "Go!" as often as "Come!"

Be sure in winter to provide a full supply of fuel for the year to come; it is hard work cutting up old rails in harvest time.

Do not fail to keep an exact account of all money received and expended in the interest of the farm; it will help you greatly to learn how to farm profitably.

Attend the agricultural fairs of your county and State, and make them of practical value.

Besides cultivating the soil, cultivate the society of your neighbors. Be social, cheerful, courteous and agreeable; and "to do good and communicate forget not."

Let your influence be felt on the side of truth, justice and the common weal. To this end give vigorous aid to sustain good schools, good churches and good government.

Guard strictly against waste. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." This may be applied specially to the making and saving of manures. How often we have seen the essential strength of the manure heap polluting the roadside and small streams of water; piles of oyster shells, bones, old boots and other rubbish disfiguring the highway; ashes, soapsuds, soot and other waste material—so miscalled—adorning the back-yard, when a little time and labor would convert all into valuable plant food and greatly promote both the neatness and health of the premises. But most precious are the fragments of time. "Time is money," and these fragments should not be squandered but put at interest.

In these intervals of time, when busy seasons are over, the farmer is tempted for recreation and society to spend minutes, and sometimes hours, at the village store, or other place, with no definite object in view. It is these fragments of time, leisure moments, in which the papers should be read and studied; the work of the season reviewed; mistakes and successes noted down, with the reasons for either as far as known, and a record made for future reference.

Plans for future work should be prepared, tools, implements and harness inspected, and needed repairs made. All stock should be carefully looked after.

Then, having taken care to provide for the social comfort and happiness of the home circle, make yourself one of that circle and enter heartily into its comfort and social enjoyment.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Bed-Spring Fire Escapes.

Bed-springs have been utilized to form a fire-escape, which consists of four sets of springs seven feet long and just wide enough when laid together to sit in a bed frame. Each set is attached to the adjoining one by a clamp, which unites iron appendages fastened to the end of the springs. These appendages add to the length of the arrangement so as to make it about thirty feet long when hanging out of the window. One side of each set of springs is fitted with rungs made of wrought iron, the only part of the contrivance not of steel. These rungs, which are on the outside when the springs depend from the window, and about fifteen inches apart, form a pretty strong ladder, which may be made use of for descent.—*Boston Budget.*

—It has been ascertained by recent experiments in Paris that a snail can travel a mile in just fourteen days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Those who have a conscience and put it into their work and never swerve from the plain path of duty achieve certain triumph.—*Christian Advocate.*

—Hard-hearted Husband—"Don't you put powder in these biscuits?" Wife (who does her own cooking)—"Yes, dear; don't you like it?" H. H. H.—I think you have made a mistake and used the wrong kind." Wife—"How so?" H. H. H.—"Well, I think you ought to use blasting powder."

—First Boy—"Oh! I know you! you're a thief!" Second Boy—And I know you; you're a liar." Old Farmer (unexpectedly on hand)—"Well, boys, you seem to know each other, so I will now introduce you to Mr. Limber Beech"—which he does to the music of mutual howls.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—In ancient times the Egyptians wove in an upright loom, and beginning at top so as to weave downwards, sat at their work. In Palestine also the weaver had an upright loom, but beginning at bottom and working upwards, was obliged to stand. During the mediæval period in Europe the loom was horizontal.—*Boston Budget.*

—A burglar entered the house of John H. Richardson, of Waterloo, N. Y., the other night, and in so doing awoke Mrs. Richardson, who jumped out of bed and knocked him down with a chair. The burglar managed to get up and escape, but not before he hit the plucky woman on the head with a sand bag. The blow was not serious in its results.

—The society reporters of Trumbull County, Ohio, give accounts of a "crazy sociable" held the other evening. The butter was brought in handcuffed to bull-dog, the cheese chloroformed to a prevent escape, coffee was served with a straw, the meat came in imitation of boot and shoe soles, and the biscuits were loaded and unloaded from plate to plate by means of derricks.

—Last Sunday a teacher in a Maine Sunday-school had been telling her class about Moses, dwelling at length upon his character, and desiring to test their attention and memory she asked "What kind of a child was Moses?" All was quiet for a moment, when one little fellow answered up: "I think he was a boy, ma'am."—*Bangor Commercial.*

—A young Japanese, educating himself in this country and gradually acquiring the flexible language which a native begins to learn just about the time he dies, was invited to tea with some friends. "Is your tea all out, Mr. Jinrikasha?" inquired the hostess. The young man looked into his empty cup, analyzed the sentence and replied. "O, no; it's all in."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—There is a tradition that a cave near Calhoun, Ga., contains vast quantities of silver. It is said that the Indians were accustomed to go into the cave and chop off great chunks of pure ore with their tomahawks. When forced to leave the country they rolled a huge stone from the mountain above and closed up the entrance.—*Inter Ocean.*

—A city paper says that 175,000,000 lead pencils are manufactured in the United States every year. We know it. We buy, with our own honest, hard earned money 174,000,000 of them, and these are kept by the stingy, thievish beggars who borrow them of us on the street, at the desk and in the post-office lobby; that's the way they are distributed. That's one of ours sticking up in your vest pocket now.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A physiologist has launched a theory that woman's fondness for scents is due to her defective sense of smell. It is a matter of evolution. In the early stages of his physical and intellectual development man had to employ his nose in pursuit of game, while in woman, engaged in domestic work, the sense of smell was not exercised. It is said that women, owing to their defective sense of smell, can endure a perfume which is quite overpowering to men.—*Public Opinion.*

TURKISH JOURNALS.

Growth of the Newspaper Press in and Around Constantinople.

Among the various innovations lately introduced into Turkey may be included that of newspapers.

The first, if we are not mistaken, appeared in Constantinople in 1841, under the auspices of Mr. Oscanyan, the former Turkish Consul-General in New York, and was called *Astarar Bizantian*, or the *Byzantine Advertiser*. The people, unacquainted at that time with the aim and importance of a daily chronicler, were not prepared to appreciate the value of a newspaper, and were slow to patronize the paper. It was obliged to stop. Since then more frequent intercourse with the rest of Europe and political incidents which made the people eager for news gave rise to the publication of other newspapers, whose number is now legion.

There are at present more than twenty different dailies and twenty weeklies appearing in Constantinople in various dialects, each advocating its own particular interest. Among the organs of the different nationalities in Turkey may be mentioned the *Akhtar (Star)*, which represents the Persian interest in Turkey. It is printed in Turkish script, though the language is Persian. It commences at the right hand corner of the sheet with the announcement that "the office of publication of the *Akhtar* is at Valide Khan in the seat of felicity (Constantinople). All communications must be addressed to Mehmed Tehir Effendi, sole editor and proprietor.

In imitation of French journals, the paper commences with an editorial on the affairs of Siam as a leader, followed by telegraphic news, both foreign and domestic, extracts from foreign papers, home news, current events, official promotions and a few advertisements. These papers are sold at an average price of four cents per copy, and an edition of 2,000 is considered a large circulation.

There being a strict surveillance over all publications by the Government, the editors are restrained from indulging in liberal thoughts and observations, as well as on what news they publish, so that these prints are, as a matter of course, vapid and devoid of interest, and can not in any sense be called "newspapers."—*N. Y. Graphic.*